

# Scarronides:

O R,

*Virgile Travestie,*  
A MOCK-POEM.

B E I N G

The Second Book of,  
*VIRGILS ÆNEIS,*

Translated into *English Burlesq;*  
Being a Continuation of the former Story.

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B Y R. M. Aul de Pem— *Cantabrigiam.*

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*Non semper seria.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed by *Thomas Mabb*, for *Robert Clavel*,  
at the *Staggs-Head* in *Ivy-Lane*, 1665.

22b. 10/1/1911

10/1/1911

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TO THE  
LADY ANN DIDO,  
Countess of Carthage.

*Madam,*

YOU know it was at your Command,  
That this great work I took in hand;  
Which after many Ejaculations,  
Great pains, and many Lucubrations;  
So there 'tis done then make the best on't,  
And let who will finish the rest on't.

*From Your*

*Servant,*

R. M.

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\_\_\_\_\_

THE  
LAWYER  
AND  
SOLICITOR

OF THE  
CITY OF  
LONDON  
AND  
THE  
COUNTY OF  
MIDDLESEX  
AND  
THE  
COUNTY OF  
SURREY  
AND  
THE  
COUNTY OF  
KENT  
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ESSEX  
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GLoucestershire  
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WILTshire  
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COUNTY OF  
DORSET  
AND  
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COUNTY OF  
DEVON  
AND  
THE  
COUNTY OF  
SOMERSET





## Virgile Travestie.



Ow all was well silent as may be,  
 But poor *Aeneas* like a Babe  
 Simpurs, and cannot chuse but cry  
 And put his finger in his eye  
 To tell her Highness of the down-  
 Fall, of that pretty place *Troy Town*;  
 Madam, quoth he, may't please your Grace  
 I can't but make a soure face,

To tell you how ; -----  
 And here he stopt, and made a pause,  
 And scarce could speak, but 'twas because  
 Tears trickled down his Malmfy Nose,  
 To think of all the *Trojan* Woes ;  
 At last in words smother then butter,  
 He thus began his mind to utter,  
 For ten long years with much adoe  
 We have those *Grecians* overthrew,  
 Many a scar as I suppose,  
 Many a good sound bloody nose ;

We cutt their chaps, and broke their shins,  
And yet the Rogues still came ag'in's,  
“ We never could be quiet for 'um,  
“ Pox on those Rogues for I abhor 'um ;  
We bang'd, and foust them up for *Codfish*,  
But yet at last they prov'd but odd Fish ;  
For when we thought that all was past,  
These youngsters had a trick at last :  
A huge great Horse they sent us hither  
Ill luck, the Devil and all together :  
In him six hundred men they put,  
I think Old Nick was in his gutt :  
Altho' some say there were no more  
Men, then five hundred ninety four,  
All Tall and Lusty War-like Chuff,  
For most men say they were in Buffs :  
This *Trojan* Horse, as *Homer* Notes,  
Was fill'd with Men, instead of Oates :  
Provender good enough, alas !  
For what is mortal man but grass.  
There is a little Pretty Isle  
Not far from thence, about a mile ;  
I'm sure of this, that 'tis a Town,  
To those that dwell in it well known :

Its name I know not, some suppose,  
The Name of it is *Tenedos* ;  
'Twas rich when *Priam* rul'd the rost,  
But now as poor as I almost ;  
There's neither Iron Barr, nor Grate,  
Percullas, Chain, or Bolt, or Gate,  
Yet 'twas a wealthy place of old,  
For there King *Priam* kept his gold ;  
There also under Lock and Key,  
He put his Chiefest Treasury ;  
But now it is a place of landing,  
Where water-men do take their standing :  
Hither the crafty *Grecians* come,  
We thinking they had been gone home,  
Ope our Town-Gates, Frolick, and Bouse  
Drink Sherry, in a full Carouse ;  
And Madam, for to tell you true,  
We thought no harm no more then you ;  
All 'gin to wonder at this Horse,  
*Thymetes* draws it in by force ;  
*Capys* (a wiser man) the Chyrurgion,  
Would have it thrown in for a Sturgion :

As the Colt at *Huntington*,  
Was voted for a Sturgion.

*Laocon* running from the Tower,  
Would fain have spoke, but had not Power :  
This *Youth* when he should guard the trenches  
Was alwayes twifling with his Wenches ;  
At last by getting breath, he thus  
Began in Language furious ;  
Genteels, what madnes, rage, and fury  
Doth you, to these dire actions hurry ,  
'Slead (quoth he) 'twas his common Oath,  
Yet there is one alive that doth  
Protest he never heard him swear  
By any but by *Jupiter* ;  
But lets go on, thats gone and past,  
He knew not what he said in hast ;  
He had a weapon keen and fierce,  
That through a *Bull-hide-shield* would pierce  
A Lance it was with Iron picke,  
Th' one end would thrust the other stick ;  
With this he ran with might and main,  
And thrust it through and through again,  
And lifting up his hindmost legg,  
He pull'd it out, as 'twere a pegg ;  
He jerkt his sides and firckt his Toby,  
Like *Aspin* leaf then shooke his Hobby ;  
And

And straight from his disgorged belly  
Sent such a sound I cannot tell ye.  
Have you not seen a Kilderkin  
Fil'd up with liquor to the brim,  
Which when you strike it with your fist  
It speaks no louder then it list;  
But when it sounds most wondrous dull,  
You all conclude the Barrels full:  
So when *Laocon* heard the sound  
Which from this Monster did rebound,  
He straight cries out, Sirs let me tell ye,  
Our foes are lodg'd within his belly,  
And if by chance they should come to us,  
I tell you they would quite undoe us,  
Robb all our Hen-rousts, nay yet further,  
They'd kill our *Cowes*, and *Bullocks* murther,  
Nay some of them will be so base as  
To fling the Egg-shells in our faces;  
'They'l kill our Horse-men, and Dragoons,  
Shirk Pis-pots, Porringers, and Spoons;  
'Tis now, quoth he, no time to Rhyme,  
Look to your selves, 'tis pudding time:  
Mean while was brought before *King Priam*,  
As tall a proper Man as I am

Bound

Bound fast with Ropes, for I presage,  
It was not then the Iron Age ;  
To say the truth, ye shall not meet,  
A taller Fellow in our street ,  
You need not question much his valour,  
For he was born and bred a Taylor ;  
His hair inclining was to yellow,  
Methinks it was a pretty fellow :  
This man was brought in such a hurly,  
Set all our Towns-folk in a burly ;  
And that which did encrease the fray,  
Was cause it was our market-day ;  
Each Prentice came with his Maid-Marion,  
As crows do flock to stinking Carrion ;  
All sorts to jear him came a gazing,  
As Butchers croud to a Bear-baiting :  
Hither me all our people flocks,  
As we were going to the stocks,  
When as alas ! there's no such thing,  
For he was going to the King.  
This fellow was a subtile wight,  
And one that knew as well to fight  
As eat, his Breakfast for his bread,  
He knew which side was buttered ;

An 'inted Villain, as I've seen,  
Car'd not for life, or death a pin :  
This Varlet was as you shall see,  
As full of craft as Treachery ;  
For lifting up his fist on high,  
H' invokes the sacred Deity ;  
The stars he calls by Christen Names,  
As you should call *Jack, Tom, or James,*  
And casting up the white of's eyes,  
He thus began to Apologize :

Quoth he, may it your Highness please,  
I must confess I came from *Greece* ;  
Turn'd out of house, and home, and fobb'd  
Of all my goods, and money robb'd :  
For I have liv'd in as good fashion,  
As any Gaffer of our Nation,  
Nay I have kept a gallant house,  
Never without pudding, or souce ;  
My men could come to the bren cheese,  
And go to th' cubbard when they please ;  
Now pinch'd with cold (till *Troy* be thank'd  
To keep me warm, I got a blanket,  
And porridge too ; the Servants they,  
Sup *Sinon*, tis good broth) did say :

And

And now they've left me not a stitch,  
Nor scarce a tatter to my breech,  
But this poor Mantle, which you see,  
Which truly, scarce is worth a fleece;  
A good cloath coat, the Rogues did lurch,  
I never wor't, but once to Church;  
Their cross-grain'd tricks, I knew no more  
Then *Lilly*, who beray'd his dore.  
Poor honest *Sino* that's my name,  
Call't what you please, I'm still the same;  
Thus went he on with his flim flam prattel,  
To tell us what good store of Cattel  
He had, and things not worth the hearing,  
As when he made the last Sheep-sharing:  
Thus did he all his stock unriddle,  
As easily as thread a niddle;  
At last tears trickling from his eyes,  
We little thought that all was lies:  
And hearing of his sad complaint,  
Took him no less then for a Saint;  
The old Wives hearts and stomachs did rise  
Young Maids were pierc'd unto the kidnies;  
But in the end of his Narration,  
He made such sober Application,

That



That he made all our mouths to water,  
 To hear the fag end of the matter ;  
 We call'd him honest man, and bid him  
 Go on, and tell us what betid him ;  
 Chear up, faith one, I'le burn the Rod,  
 My Chuck, my Joy, my Nicola Cod ;  
 He scare could speak, but cry'd a while  
 As he had been a sucking child,  
 At last, wiping his nose from snout,  
 He thus began to lay his plot :  
 Revenge, Revenge, O sweet Revenge !  
 More toothsom then Calves-head & henge,  
 Quoth he, my Master's all I'le take  
 My Oath, you made their hearts-blood ake.  
 They oft-times thought to hoysse up sayle  
 There was no hopes for to prevail ;  
 They all cry'd out that it did seem  
 In vain to strive against the stream :  
 The raging Sea did oft-times tols 'um,  
 The winds & waves contriv'd to cross 'um ;  
 Oft-times it did Thunder and Lighten,  
 Which did the *Grecians* sore affrighten ;  
 Sometimes a storm would come, you'd think  
 That all their ships would strait-way sink ;  
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That

Thus when they saw their wit, did fail 'um  
They wondred what the Devil ayl'd 'um ;  
They all began to stamp and stare,  
As mad as ever was March Hare ;  
At last they sent with wondrous speed  
A man to the Oracle of *Phæbe*,  
Who coming nigh the Sacred Stones,  
Fell down upon his Marrow-Bones :  
At last he having got his Answer,  
Did come away like any man Sir ;  
Quoth he, the Gods did me advife,  
To offer up a Sacrifice ;  
And drawing out his rusty hanger,  
Cries this, this must appease their anger ;  
With that they all resolv'd that I  
Must be the man prepar'd to dye ;  
And straitway clapt me up in Prison,  
Where I was for a little season ;  
And when they had my hand fast bound,  
They put me straightway in lobs pound ;  
An ugly hole it was, and which,  
Was e'en as dark as any pitch,  
So low it was, you scarce could stand in,  
So dark, you scarce could see your hand in ;  
I was

I was in such a wofull plight,  
 I could not fetch a nap all night ;  
 I told our Town-Clock all along,  
 I heard the Chimes go *ding, ding, dong* ;  
 At last when day began to peep,  
 I cunningly away did creep,  
 And in an Apple-Tree I hid me,  
 Where a good honest woman bid me ;  
 And now I was as safe and sound,  
 As one had giv'n me twenty pound :  
 But now I must nev'r look to see  
 My Friends, nor yet my Friends see me :  
 My pretty bantlings, great and small  
 Heavens keep them, and protect them all :  
 And now ye *Trojans* show some pittie,  
 As you are Free-Men of the City.  
 Thus hearing of the sad Narration,  
 We all began to show compassion,  
 And those that did mark the preamble,  
 Their gutts within them, 'gan to wamble,  
 For it would move a very stone,  
 To see a pudding creep alone :  
 But seeing of the King of *Troy*,  
 He cry'd aloud, *Vive Le Roy* ;

And

And as he had a *Trojan* been,  
He shouted forth, *God save the Queen* :  
With that King *Priam* could not chuse  
But smile, and bid his foot Boyes loose  
His hands, and feet, and presently  
He was as free as you or I.  
Our King then standing bolt upright,  
Did his most gracious speech recite,  
Quoth he, Friend never be dismay'd,  
Here's none will hurt you, ben't afraid  
I warrant ye, that there is no man,  
But what's a true and trusty *Trojan* ;  
And so I hope that you will be,  
Truly I like your physogonomy ;  
You seem to be an honest Creature,  
You have a good ingenious feature :  
But now good honest Master *Simo*, (know,  
There is one thing still which I would faine  
And if to me you will but vent it,  
You ner'e shall have cause to repeat it ;  
Truly I'le take it very kind,  
If you will tell me all your mind ;  
Come tell me true, indeed, indeed,  
What means this monstrous wooden-*stead* ;  
For

For truly give me leave to tell ye,  
 I some-what do dislike his belly ;  
 Though Matter *Sino* I am loath,  
 To look a gift-Horse in the mouth :  
 This man I think, as I'm a sinner,  
 Loved mischief better then his dinner :  
 For falling down at the Kings feet,  
 He thus began to counterfeit ;  
 Quoth he, by all the petty Gods,  
 I know not what set you at odds ;  
 Nor yet what tis that makes you fite,  
 Like Catts, and Doggs, to scratch and bite ;  
 I'm sure tis I that got the harme,  
 I've lost a very goodly Farme ;  
 The ground was left me by my Grannum,  
 It brought in thirteen pounds *per Annum* ;  
 Besides there was a pretty garden,  
 But I have lost it every farthing :  
 The Lamps of Heaven, know I tell  
 The naked truth, of what befell ;  
 And that which vanquish'd all our fear,  
 He clos'd his Speech with many a tear :  
 And then another mischief fell us,  
 Which truly did as good as tell us,

C

That

That what the fellow did to us tell,  
Was in a manner true as Gospel.  
*Laocœon* casting lots, was est-soon,  
Chosen to be the Priest of *Neptune* :  
Some say in th' twinkling of an eye,  
This Youngster he could cog a dye ;  
And if 't be true, as folks do say,  
I needs must tell you 'twas foul play,  
And tho' he wins at first, tis five  
To one, if cheating play doth thrive :  
For as he lookt with steadfast eyes,  
Offering to the Gods a sacrifice :  
Behold, two hugeous Snakes appear,  
At that we all began to fear ;  
*Laocœon* Wonders what's the matter,  
They both straight jumpt out of the water,  
And hissing, leapt into his face,  
The Priest was in a shitten case ;  
Now 'gan the Sea to roar, 'twas said,  
*Neptune* himself was half afraid :  
We seeing such a sight begun,  
Each man to take his heel and run ;  
We minded not the Priest at all,  
Each for himself, and he for all ;

The Priest began to screeke, nay further,  
Some people heard him cry out murther :  
Have you not seen a Caussed Lamb,  
Ta'n by the Butcher from his Damb,  
How it doth cry, struggle, and strive,  
As being loath to loose his life :  
So did *Laocœon*, cry and bellow,  
Just so as I'm an honest fellow ;  
No man did pittie him at all,  
Some did him Rogue and Rascall call,  
For striking of this *Trojan* Steed,  
All cry'd you are justly serv'd indeed ;  
And now the Folk withall their Power,  
Do place this Horse within their Tower :  
But know the bigness of this Beast  
Was such, our Gate was at the least ;  
And presently our Towns-Folks all,  
'Gin to pluck down a piece of wall ;  
Some got Pick-Axes, and Hammers,  
Some got Mattocks, Spade and Rammers ;  
There's old to do, and such a pother,  
Some got one thing, some another ;  
As busie all as body-lice,  
They pull'd the wall down in a trice ;

ater,

The

And now they all do tugg, and strives,  
As they were tugging for their lives :  
The Maids did come and make a shift,  
To give a pull at a dead lift ;  
And know tis true that Maids can then,  
Tugg best of all when they're with men ;  
They were as white as on May-Day,  
Truly I think they made a Play-day :  
At last with many a pleasant ditty,  
We got him safe into the City ;  
Some thrust before and some behind,  
I think the Devil, we all were blind :  
Now when the night began to peep,  
' I was time for honest men to sleep ;  
Our towns-men all were wearied,  
Thought it high time to go bed ;  
Some on the floor, and in their cloaths,  
Others began to Sing Old Rose ;  
Some reel'd to Bed, others to Mows,  
As drunk as any *David's Sows* :  
And now the *Greeks* with forty Oare,  
From *Tenedos* soon got to shore ;  
And in the dead time of the night,  
They all prepared themselves to fight :



We all were snorting, grear and small,  
 And never dreamt of it at all ;  
*Sino* that Rogue the door did ope,  
 And down they all came by a rope ;  
 Down slides *Petides*, *Neoplotum*,  
*Machaon*, *Menelaus* did follow 'um,  
*Tysandrus*, *Stenelaus*, *Ulisses*,  
 As stout a Souldier as now pisses ;  
 Down they all foal with mickle care,  
 By which I find this Horse a Mare :  
 They kill'd our Bell-Man, and his Bitch,  
 I think the Men were all bewicht :  
 They arm'd themselves, and every man  
 Had got a cudgel in his hand,  
 And breaking open our town gate,  
 Their Comrades fally in thereat ;  
 And as the Gods would have it happen,  
 Truly the Rogues did catch us napping ;  
 Indeed I think as it did hap,  
 I had but newly fetcht a nap ;  
 Behold stout *Hector*, he that died,  
 Did seem to stand at my Bed-side ;  
 Good *Heer* he lookt as he had been  
 Twice eaten, and spew'd up agen ;

He came just so as he was worried,  
When he about our walls was hurried;  
His mouth was full of blood and foam,  
His hair as 't had been never comb'd;  
His beard was rough and over-grown him,  
A little more I had not known him;  
I know not how I should, because  
He was not like the man he was;  
Who after many wars, and toyles,  
Use to come laden home with spoiles:  
Now he's no more like the same Royster,  
Then a good pipping, like an Oyster;  
And as he to the bed did creep,  
It griev'd me for to see him weep:  
At first I lay as in a maze,  
At last I broke out in this phrase:

Thou trusty Trojan, valiant Peere,  
What a Devil makes thee here?  
Quoth he, begon, thou and thy fire,  
For all our towns are on a fire;  
The Child unborn may rue the day,  
For lack of Butter-Milk and Whay;  
Quoth he, 'twill be a direfull Theam,  
To tell the loss of Curds and Cream:

Make

Make haſt away, you ſhall be undone,  
 Destroyed every Mothers Son;  
 'Tis now too late to put a hand to,  
 No man can do more then he can do;  
 We are ruin'd every Mother Son,  
 Pack up the godlings, and be gone:  
 That word did make my heart toake,  
 I think was time for me to wake,  
 I ſtarted up, and rubb'd mine eyes,  
 And to the window preſently,  
 Where ſoon as I had lookt about,  
 I preſently did ſpy the rout:  
 As ſoon as e're they met a man  
 They knockt him down, and bid him ſtand;  
 With that I fetcht my Sword and Spear,  
 And down I went a Volunteer:  
 When I came down, I ſwore I ſat him,  
 My fingers itch'd for to be at him;  
 Upon my head I put a Cap,  
 For who knows what miſchief may hap;  
 The rogues may break ones head with ſtones  
 More wayes to kill a dogg then one.  
 Now as I paſt along the ſtreet,  
 Who ſhould but Onid meet;

With's Child at's back, mid'st all this rout  
With's baggage he was marching out ;  
How goes the Market, honest friend  
Quoth I ? He seem'd not to attend  
To what I spoke ; at last he sayes,  
Butter is butter now a dayes :  
You need not fight you'r ne'r the nigher,  
For all the fat is in the fire ;  
Sino, that Rascal with a match,  
Has set on fire all the thatch.  
But yet *Aneas* never hang'd  
An arse, for fear of being bang'd ;  
He's not so cowardly as those,  
Who cry to see a bloody nose ;  
But is resolv'd rather then yield,  
To dye with honour in the field :  
And thus with courage out he goes,  
Kill, or be killed by his foes ;  
With him there went a many more,  
Truly, I think well nigh a score  
Young lusty Men, some in this Nick  
Of time, had gotten faggot sticks ;  
But that which made me almost laugh,  
*Dymus* came running with a Bed-staff ;

Yet

Yet for all that, Gentleman-like,  
*Aeneas* he did trayle a Pike :  
 Soon as he spy'd these lusty Souldiers,  
 He clapt each man upon the Shoulders ;  
 Quoth he, chear up my Boyes, I say,  
 It shan't be se'd we lost the day ;  
 For you must understand, this fight  
 Was in the dead time of the night :  
 Chear up my dainty Boyes, come, come,  
 'Tis now in vain to stand hum, drum :  
 You see in what a wofull plight  
 We 're in, it stands in hand to fight ;  
 Kill or be kill'd, no quarter give,  
 We will not let these Villains live ;  
 Although the thing doth me perplex,  
*Necessitas non habet Lex* :  
 As when two Mastie Dogs do fight,  
 And quarrel meerly out of spight ;  
 Before the Currs shall never lack  
 Some standers by, to clap their backs ;  
 Spit in their mouths, and cry Haloo,  
 Thus did *Aeneas* do so too ;  
 But yet *Aeneas* also fell  
 To it himself, and fight pell-mell ;

Yet

At

At last we backt him, and fell to't all,  
Though two to one is odds at foot-ball :  
We met an hundred men or more,  
When we were not above a score ;  
I think I'm pretty near the matter,  
But yet we made their bones to clatter ;  
We thrasht so hard, we'd make 'um feel,  
Although the Rogues were made of steel :  
But who is able to recite,  
The mischief that was done that night ;  
They broke our windows, burnt our barns,  
They did us God knows how much harms ;  
Kill'd all our brood-hens, stole our chicks,  
And serv'd us many such like tricks ;  
Eat all our custards, though I spoke t'um,  
And pray'd um not, I wish t'ad choak'd um ;  
To close their stomacks last of all,  
They got the Wench against the wall.  
Ah ! who can chuse but weep and pitty,  
The loss of such a Gallant City ;  
Now 'tis a common thing to meet,  
Dead Carcasses in every street ;  
So that as men do walk the town,  
Sometimes they chance to tumble down ;

Some-

Sometimes we light upon a *Greek*,  
And then I think we made him reek;  
Before we let him go, we worst him,  
We caught *Androgeos* and purit him;  
Who all along with us did walk  
A street or two, and 'gan to talk,  
For he i'th' dark, poor silly else,  
Thought us as bad Rogues as himself;  
And as you know, birds of a feather,  
Most commonly do flock together.

Quoth he, come Fellow-Souldiers under  
Favour, lets now begin to plunder  
For honey, now let's 'gin to dive,  
We've burnt the Bees out of their Hive:  
At last he knew 'twas a mistake,  
And then his heart began to ache;  
He crept away; his speech did falter,  
Lear'd like a dog, that slip his halter;  
And streight this melancholly Bustard,  
Stood trembling like a quaking Custard:  
And presently soon as he spoke,  
We got him fast hold by the Cloak,  
Tript up his heeles, and flung him down,  
And beat him as he lay oth' ground;

We

We doubt his chops as he did rise,  
All the foul play we could devise ;  
And then at last we cut off's head,  
Then most did think the man was dead :  
And now our men begin to try,  
What they can get by policy ;  
One gets his Boots made of good Leather,  
Another takes his Cap and Feather ;  
*Ripheus* got his Gallant Shield,  
The very best in all the Field ;  
Another got his little Dagger,  
(*Dymus* it was) it made him swagger :  
'Thus cloath'd all over in a *Wolves* skin,  
We with the *Greeks* did challenge kin ;  
Grew wondrous great, bid him goodmorrow  
Before 'twas light, 'twas to their sorrow ;  
We swore if that they'd not be civil,  
We'd send them packing to the Devil :  
Must they knock people on the heads,  
That men can't rest within their beds ;  
With that we swing'd our cudgels round,  
Our heads, and soon did clear the ground ;  
For hitty misty, soon we flew,  
Some we knockt down, and some or'threw ;  
Women



Women out of their windows cry'd  
Ther's nothing lost but what's beside ;  
With that all run, and ended strife,  
As they were running for their life :  
Behold King *Priams* Oldest Daughter,  
Drawn by th' hair of th' head came after :  
She was a Virgin spruce and neat,  
And one that could have done the feat.  
King *Priam* would have paid her down  
In marriage, near an hundred pound ;  
Seeing of this sight, *Chorebus*  
Was like a mad Man, furious ;  
Truly he scarcely could forbear  
To pull, and tear of all his hair ;  
Some people said they'd lay their life,  
That he and she was Man and Wife ;  
This was that Dame, for whom his soule  
Was burnt in's belly like a cole ;  
Sometimes he stamp't, and cry'd a pox,  
And then he 'gan to wind his locks ;  
If's hair he cares not for a Figg,  
Truly then he must wear a Wigg :  
He run amongst 'um all, and fitt,  
Either without much fear or wit ;

Then

Then we resolv'd to loose a limb,  
Or two, or three, to rescue him ;  
And to't we fell, our men did fear  
Their foes, it seems, when none were near;  
And by our Helms they mistook,  
And us in th' dark for *Grecians* took ;  
And from our house-top broke our tiles  
And Ranks, with brick-bats and old tiles:  
Now there began a dreadfull slaughter,  
They made our bones within us chatter,  
Now all our policy appears,  
We cannot keep it for our ears ;  
Now they make signs to one another,  
And there began a filthy puther ;  
All fall upon us now and bang us,  
And some could find their hearts to hang us ;  
But truly that was not the fashion,  
Nor yet the custome of our Nation :  
Short bands are come up now a dayes,  
We found out divers other wayes ;  
There's none of us escap'd at all,  
*Chorebus* fared worst of all ;  
For that which truly is a sin,  
They kickt him twice on the fore shin ;

Forth-

Forrh-with they all began to hy 'um,  
Into the Palace of King *Priam* ;  
A pretty place it was with lock  
And key, and iron bolt to knock ;  
But that their Captain never knocks,  
But broke it open with a Pox ;  
The Maid comes scolding with her broom,  
And swore they durt'ed every room ;  
Quoth she, what serves the mat at door,  
But for to wipe your hooves before  
You enter in ; thus having said,  
She flings away, a tite neat Maid ;  
Yet they resolv'd forward to budge,  
And made the wench to be their trudge ;  
Up stairs they run unto the King,  
And here they fight like any thing ;  
Off goes their bands, and to't they go,  
I know not who struck the first blow ;  
And when they'd done, they gin to send  
Away, what they could rap and rend ;  
Pure Feather-beds, Blankets, and Bolsters,  
Folks said they sold them at th' Upholsters,  
New flaxen sheets, as white as snow,  
Ther's no help for 'um, all must go ;

Tho

Tho for those sheets her Highness crav'd,  
Alas ! there was not one rag sav'd ;  
And what was worse (these were but trash)  
They seized upon all the Kings Cash ;  
Some kept the door with naked sword  
So stout, they'd scarcely speak a word :  
I saw all well enough, for I  
Lurk't in a hole most cunningly,  
Top of a house, where we laugh whiles  
We broke their heads with piece of tiles ;  
At last the *Grecians* burnt our Fort,  
And so they spoyled all our sport ;  
Feeling their num-sculls ake in ire,  
The Kings house now they gan to fire ;  
They light their squibs with bits of match,  
Fung 'um for th' once amongst the thatch,  
And that began to reck and smoak,  
Enough the King and Queen to choak ;  
They pull'd up all the posts and benches,  
And made sad rout among'st the wenches,  
Flung stones, & some broke all the casem<sup>ts</sup>  
At that the King was in amazement ;  
All the carv'd works they tumbled down,  
And lay in heaps upon the ground ;

Money

Money enough I'm sure it cost;  
 Abundance of good Timber lost; (were,  
 The chamber where the King and Queen  
 Now lies like any thorough-fare;  
 Yet some will say tell's what became  
 Of this King *Priam* and his Dame;  
 The King was old, and had gin o're  
 To fight, being pretty near fourscore;  
 But when they did him thus incite,  
 No flesh alive could chuse but fight;  
 He steps and fetches out his Dagger,  
 And is resolv'd to go and Swagger;  
 But being old, pray understand,  
 That he was no man of his hands;  
 And as he marcht along, behold  
 An antient *Laurel Tree* ('twas old;)  
*Hecuba* when they did assault her,  
 Hither me flew into an Altar,  
 She and her Daughters all flock thither,  
 As Pigeons flock in rainy weather;  
 Or, as when in a Summers Day,  
 Maids in the Fields are making Hay,  
 If it doth chance to rain they fly,  
 Unto a Hay-cock presently,

She seeing of her Husband stout,  
Going amongst the rabble rout,  
Lord, quoth she, he's a weakly Causlet,  
I think has more need of a Possit ;  
She beckned, call'd him by his name,  
At last, he hearing of her came ;  
Quoth she, my love, what makes thee here,  
They'v' over-come us all I fear ;  
Alas ! thou canst do little good,  
Thy blowes are easily withstood ;  
Come stand with us, let's care not whether  
They'v' beat, we'll live or dye together :  
Thus said, she took him by the hand,  
So he obeyed her command ;  
*Potites* then a lusty Boy,  
Son of King *Priam* King of *Troy*,  
Came running by, did cry and hallo,  
*Pyrrhus* soon after him did follow,  
A lusty thief, able you know  
To knock a youth down, at one blow ;  
Just at this Altar him he took  
And slew ; the old man could not brook,  
But call'd him Rogue, Son of a Whore,  
To slay his Son at his own door :

And

And like a fool, though still among  
 His foes, yet could not hold his tongue ;  
 The man was mad, his fingers itch,  
 Takes him a good kick on the breech ;  
 With that he starts, and cries, why so,  
 What's that for you Sir ? do you know ;  
 Quoth th' old man, shall I tell you why,  
 Takes him o'th' chaps immediately ;  
*Pyrrhus* at that began to swear,  
 Runs to him, gets him by the hair ;  
 Th' old man cries out, show no foul play ;  
 You coward, let me rise, I say ;  
 For truly as most people said,  
 He had a vile tongue in his head ;  
 Yet *Pyrrhus* stabb'd him on the ground,  
 Cut's throat, and laid him in a swoond :  
*Aeneas* seeing things so sad,  
 Truly was in a manner mad.  
 Now with himself he 'gan to think,  
 What he should do for meat and drink ;  
 Thought of his Father and his Wife,  
 Devis'd how he might save their life,  
 His little Boy, *Julus* him  
 He vows he'l save, if sink or swim ;

He saw his Men for fear of harms,  
Were gone, and flung down all their arms;  
As you know turn-spits lear and run  
Away, when they the wheele do shun ;  
As who should say, the cursed Elfes,  
Command your doggs, and do't your selves :  
And he poor man walking alone,  
Spy'd *Helen* sitting on a stone,  
That very self same ugly pufs,  
That made our town be ransackt thus ;  
For had it not been for that Queen,  
None of this mischief ne're had been ;  
She privily did lurk for fear,  
As if for sooth no man should see her ;  
Thus when he understood the matter,  
He was e'n mad for to be at her :  
For, quoth he, shall this ugly pufs,  
Be let alone in quiet thus ?  
Shall she go home to *Greece* and brag,  
She has not left us worth a rag ?  
No, no, quoth he, it shan't be thus,  
Marry come up my dirty Cuz ;  
And with his Sword went in a Freak,  
To put the Woman to the Squeak ;



But yet he with himself thus thought,  
 To kill a Woman were but nought,  
 And truly 'tis a thing not common,  
 To set ones wit against a Woman:  
 As he was thinking this and rother,  
 Who should *Aeneas* spy but's Mother;  
 She came from Heav'n with her bright eye,  
 As if she had been a God a mighty:  
 Quoth she, what art thou Bedlam grown?  
 Was ever such a Villain known  
 To fall upon a Woman kind,  
 Go meddle with thy match, thou fiend:  
 Where hast thou left thy good old grandsire,  
 Go keep him safe like any man Sir?  
 Be quick, and save thy Boy, thy Wife,  
 They'l be undone I'le lay my life;  
 Make hast, things now are not well pleasing,  
 Ther's difference 'twixt farting & sneezing,  
 'Twas neither *Tyndarus* nor *Paris*  
 But *Jove*, that fires all the Daryes:  
 Thus said, she vanisht from his sight,  
 He askt her blessing, so good night.  
 Now was he in a peck of fears,  
 In troubles over head and ears;

Many attempts he made and puttons,  
He whin'd as though his arse made buttons;  
He saw all fire round about 'um,  
Somtime he thought for to have fought um;  
But they were all such plagy swashers,  
'They laid about 'um all like thrashers;  
He saw that Plot would not prevail,  
He knew not how to use a flayle;  
And so in such a sad condition,  
He ran and flung down his commission;  
Thought best to take his Mothers council,  
And hasted to his Fathers groundsil,  
Where soon as ever he got there,  
He found his Grand-fire in a chair;  
Truly I think so *Jove* would have it,  
His Dad was safe at home (God save it;)  
And tho *Aeneas* fain would trudge,  
'This cross old man swore he'd not budge;  
Let me alone; quoth he, in ire,  
I'm warm enough, here's a good fire;  
Go fight my Boyes, you'r young and lusty,  
I'll take my chance my *Trojan* trusty;  
*Aeneas* begg'd of this old tost,  
And would have kist his breech almost;  
He

He begg'd along time for God sake,  
 Yet he's as stiff as any stake :  
 With that a warlike Resolution,  
*Aeneas* puts in Execution,  
 Girds on his sword, tho ne're the nigher,  
 Plucks a good club out of the fire,  
 And is resolv'd out of a pet,  
 To kill the first *Greek* that he met ;  
 But yet his Wife she fetcht him back,  
 With a good Cudgel at his back ;  
 For he would let her (filly fool)  
 Comb his head with a three leg'd stool :  
 She brought him home, here gan the racket  
*Creusa* soundly bang'd his jacket ;  
 Sirra quoth she, keep within doors,  
 Run me no runs amongst your whores ;  
 You are a pretty youth to fight,  
 Pray are you not ? marry go-----  
 You'l fling your cap against the wind,  
 And leave your Wife and Child behind ;  
 With ladle then in spight of fate,  
 She made a shift to break his pate ;  
 Poor man he quickly past it o're,  
 He'd many a broken pate before ;

He clapt his hand upon his breech,  
To show he minded not her speech;  
*Anchises* now mid'these despaires,  
Held up his fists and fell to prayers,  
He was an old cunning Impostor,  
Rattled out many a *Pater noster*;  
He told his beads, was very *Apish*,  
For folks say, he was a rank *Papish*:  
Then *Jove*'s heavens cloudy vault did tear,  
Like an almighty Canonier;  
And after that a star they spide a  
Shooting from our lot to Mount *Ida*;  
There it did glide and gently hie,  
And gave them items how to fly;  
The good old man was glad to see't,  
And then began to handle his feet,  
He pray'd this Star to stand his friend,  
Away he walkt and ther's an end.  
Not far from thence good people there is  
A Country House of Farmer *Ceres*,  
Where hobnayl'd Louts do use to labour  
And thrash a Gig to Pipe and Tabor;  
That was the House we all did chuse,  
Wherein to make our Rendevouz.

Thus.

Thus said, he took up his Old Sire,  
Brought him a pick pack through the fire ;  
He took his little Boy by th' fist,  
His Wife could foot it if she list ;  
She was a lusty Quean could trudge,  
And thirty Miles together budge ;  
And he that *Greeks* so lately slighted,  
Is now at his own shadow frightened ;  
For coming to unlatch the door,  
We heard a very great uproar ;  
Fly, fly, my Son, quoth old *Ancluses*,  
Or else we shall be cut in slices ;  
Amaz'd to think of further strife,  
Walking by-paths he lost his Wife :  
Now he was in a deadly fright,  
Never in such a wofull plight,  
He lookt, and lookt, but ne'r the near,  
The fewer, tho the better chear :  
We met at *Ceres* Mannour ; all  
But that old toast that rotten squal ;  
And finding there no hope to get her,  
He curst and swore in terms most bitter  
To lose ones Wife, me thought was much,  
He swore he'd have another touch :

Up

Up to *Troy Town* he made a sally,  
He searcht all Corners, each blind Ally ;  
In *Juno's* house *Ulysses* stood,  
He and his Dame with all their Brood ;  
To these the Souldiers brought the plunder,  
The Pot, the Pot-hooks, never wonder,  
The dripping Pan ; (this comes of strife)  
The skellet, and the chopping knife ;  
When I had por'd in every hole,  
At last I spy'd *Creusa's* soul ;  
I shook, but truly could not speak,  
She came from th' *Devil's Arse of Peak* ;  
But she spake like the *Devil's Dam*,  
A flattering Slut, 'twas but a flam ;  
Saith she, hang sorrow, cast off care,  
For every man will have his Mare ;  
It was not this when I did bid thee,  
Now there's no help for't, no remedie ;  
Ye all must wander ('gainst your hips-ease,  
Like Errand Knights, or Roguish Gipsies ;  
At *Carthage*, till you do arrive,  
Truly the Gods did thus contrive ;  
Then thou shalt fish on *Tyber's* Ouse,  
And catch red Herrings with hard roes ;  
Thou

Thou shalt be rich, eat *Grapes*, stu'd *Quinſies*,  
 Marry, but not a *German* Princess :  
 Weep not for me my dear with ill moanes,  
 With tears as big as any Mill-Stones ;  
 Two *Mirmidons*, nor *Dollop* cuffs,  
 Shall I be had with Iron cuffs ;  
 Nor wait on *Grecian* Lady gay,  
 For I'm as well, and warm as they ;  
*Venus* is my Mother in Law,  
 For all the *Grecians* then a straw.  
 And now farewell my Chuck, my Joy,  
 My Love, I pray thee to the Boy ;  
 Having thus ſed, ſhe did depart,  
 In wind that whistled like a fart :  
 Thrice ſtrove I for to clip and kiſſ her,  
 So many times juſt I did miſſ her ;  
 And now return'd I back again  
 Unto my much recruited men ;  
 Rogues, whores, with Baſtards at their backs  
 Came to transport themſelves by packs ,  
 What Sea or Land ſo're I took,  
 They'd go with me by hook or crook ;  
 And now the day began to peep,  
 'Tis time for Rogues to go to ſleep :

Seeing

Seeing *Troy* Town was gone to wrack,  
He got his Father on his back,  
And having gone about a mile,  
Stay'd here to rest himself a while.

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*F I N I S.*

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# Scarronides:

O R,

*Virgile Travestie,*

A MOCK-POEM.

B E I N G

The Seventh Book of,

*VIRGILS ÆNEIS,*

*in English Burlesq;*

---

*Interpone tuis interdum Seria Ludis.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by *Thomas Mabb*, for *Robert Clavel*,  
at the Staggs-Head in Ivy-Lane, 1665.

Geographical

Two Volumes  
M. R. R. R. M.

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Virgile Travestie.



And thou *Cajeta*, my dry Nurse,  
 With bags as lank as empty purse  
 Hast christned all our Coast & Strands  
 ('As that old Earl did *Gudwin* sands)  
 Her foster Son (when she was dead)  
 Pitching a Stone at her Graves-head  
 'Fore a soft breeze, and by Moon-light  
 Set sayle, and bid the Coast good night.  
 Into a Neighbour Bay he pierces,  
 And so say I'd by the Coast of *Circes*;  
 This *Circes* was a damn'd proud Witch,  
 She was *Phæbus* Child, and plaguy rich,  
 I'th' wood she kept a Vaulting School,  
 Whither came many a precious tool;  
 (As dirty Trulls) when this Old Baude  
 And they were drunk, W work they made,  
 She'd bind the Bores that came to woo 'um  
 So fast, the Dile could not undoe 'um,  
 " She'd

(kets;  
 "She'd strip 'um to their shirts and roc-  
 (pockets:  
 "And then the whores would pick their  
 (roaring,  
 Strange dins were heard there still; and  
 (ring;)  
 "Then Bedlam worfe: (this comes of who-  
 "All forts came here, from *Fair* to *Neger*,  
 "Well custom'd 'twas as *Hollands* Leaguer:  
 "This noyse still held from Lamb to Lark,  
 "Have you not heard of *Whetstones Park*?  
 No one came there, (or few at least)  
 But brought a Man, and left a Beast;  
 She would entice men, and deface:  
 In short; it was a beastly place.  
 She fed her Family with Sallets, (lads;  
 And doz'd their brains with witch'd Bal-  
 "A Mother Damnab'e, a Iwinger,  
 "Just such another Ballad Singer  
 "As this is, with her hoarse old man,  
 "Howles dolefull Sonnets in the *Stran*;  
 "Alluring Prentices, and Porters  
 "Both from their messages & their morters:  
 "She

“ She hinders those that carry Chairs  
 “ From many a nap, and from their Fares :  
 “ The Coach-men too, like lolling lobs,  
 “ (To hear them quaver) lose their jobs.

Now cause *Aeneas* should avoid  
 These hazzards, and not be destroy'd,  
*Neptune* gave this Soldade in Buff,  
 A nimble and a lusty puff,  
 Till *Lucifer* made *Neptune* blush,  
 Which done, the winds were still and hush.  
*Aeneas* now 'mong Rocks though harbour'd  
 Discover'd a great wood a Star-board ;  
 The Stream he rid on was a Neighbour,  
 First letter of its name was *Tyber* ;

“ The *Cuckow* whistl'd, birds sing shrill,  
 “ By which I guess 'twas *April* :  
 Sometimes they'd hover o're the stream,  
 “ To catch a *Cod-fish* or a *Bream* :  
 Here he his Sea-men did intreat,  
 To go ashore and purve for meat.

And now my Pen shall set before ye,  
 Who dwelt upon this Territory,  
 What Kings were there, and who *Sir Gaunts*  
 “ (This was before we heard of *Turbants*.)

I'll shew ye too (for that will toll ye on)  
 Whether the Country, or *Tarpollian*  
 Gave dodgers blow, or the first touch,  
 " (And that ye know is very much.)

This place was Rul'd then by one *Latin*  
 Well aged, and a Chair he sat in ;  
 The Towes that this old man did keep,  
 Were all as rich as new sheer'd sheep ;  
 His Fathers Name was Master *Fannus*,  
 " ( I hope he doth not mean to Cane us : )  
*Marica* was his Dam, a goddess  
 " As true, as e're was lac'd in Boddefs.  
*Picus* to *Fannus* was a Father,  
 Indeed I think so too ; the rather  
 Because I've heard by an old Matron,  
*Picus* was Son to Father *Saturn*.  
 " Now any *Trojan* let me see,  
 " Shew such another Pedegree ?  
 " Yes, I know one of *Trojan* Stock,  
 " From *Adam*, unto *Canadoc*.

Now *Latin* (as ye'll see here after)  
 Had no Son, but one onely Daughter,  
 A bounfing Lafs, ( I do not Fable )  
 She's in the teens, and Marriagable,

Courted

Courted by many ; well endow'd,  
Which two things made her---proud :  
But *Turnus* was the man most trim ;  
“ She oftentimes would mump at him ;  
Her Mother was (loath to hinder sport)  
Was hot, (as Pitch) and clearly for't ;  
But nightly Visions off did stave it,  
And dash'd it (as the Devil would have it.)

A Reverent Tree grew in the Yard,  
Which *Latin* unto *Phæbus* rear'd ;  
So for that *Laurel* Tree *Phæbe* sent 'um  
A goodly *Dorp*, eclyp'd *Laurentum* ;  
This *Laurel* having a thick fleecè,  
There pitch'd upon't a swarm of Bees,  
A goodly sight it was be Jiesse ;  
Their weight did make the *Laurel* tear,  
(*Jove*, what a buzzing now was therè !)  
They cling as fast to *Cypresse* brows  
As unto skin, a Beggers lowse :  
By this tree stood a certain Prophet,  
(Having receiv'd advise from *Tophet* ;)  
And told 'um that a far fetch'd Sir,  
Was coming on with switch and spur ;

To conquer Master *Latins* people,  
And fling the Bells out of the Steeple ;  
Beside all this, *Lavinia*  
Stood by her Fathers side I saw  
Killing a Pigg (then roasting lesser)  
In *Phabus* Kitchen, on his Dresser ;  
The candle findg'd off every lock,  
She burn'd her self unto her smock ;  
This chance begot a mighty stench,  
(Sure she was a hot headed Wench ; )  
The Martyr'd Lice (like squibs) did crack,  
At last the fire went out each flake :  
“ The Master Cookes this sight espying,  
“ Admired how she miss'd a frying ;  
“ So all concluded this escape,  
“ Preserv'd her to make Broth and Pape ;  
“ And that Sir *Phabe* design'd this Jewel  
“ To poach his Eggs, and make his Grewel ;  
“ For whom the Family I doubt  
“ E're long will quarrel, and fall out.  
But Squire *Latin* not content,  
To sit down by this accident ,  
Away to Father *Fannus* trips,  
To hear the Sentence of his lips ;



To *Albumea's* Woods and Springs,  
In all post-hast himself he flings ;  
“ From *Laurent* 'tis as distant far,  
“ As *Oxford* is from *Shot-over* ;  
Thither goes he by a fool's fire,  
A spirit-hunting for his Sire :  
This is the place where Clown, and Court,  
To Pharie-Dancing do resort ;  
The grave Priest too, this wood ascends  
With his Parishioners, and Friends ;  
And there the People, and these Elves,  
Steal Sheep all night, and feast themselves ;  
So when th'ave emptied all their Pipkins,  
They go to sleep upon the Sheep-skins ;  
There many Visions he saw clear,  
Many strange voices did he hear :  
The gods he spake to, they were Civil,  
And then he went unto the Devil ;  
And when he was in *Limbo* deep,  
The Devil bid him steal more sheep ;  
According to this word of spright,  
He kill'd a hundred full that night,  
He brought 'um all to his Abettors,  
Unto these gods his chief Resettors ;

I shin'd 'um (quoth he) upon my bum,  
" For they'l not speak unless I bribe 'um ;  
At length, as he slept on the fleeces,  
He heard a loud voice through the breezes ;  
Doeft mean t' Espouse (for he did list)  
Thy Daughter to a *Latinist* :  
" Towed her to an Heritage,  
" No letter then poor Vickarage ,  
" To bring her that so high doth look  
" To tithe Piggs, and her Easter Book :  
No here's a Souldier (take my word)  
Coming, will have her by the sword ;  
" One that, whose chaps already water,  
" He's mad, believe me, to be at her ;  
A back of steel, and iron sides,  
And on a wooden horse he rides :  
Her Joynture shall be all the World,  
(He rides at Anchor with sayles furl'd ; )  
This a good match is (I can tell ye)  
She shall bring Children by the Belly.

These things old *Latin* through the Cities  
Dispers'd in Ballads and in Ditties ;  
When to the shore *Aeneas* tow'd  
His Shallop, and the Sea-men row'd ;

He, and his Captains, and his Son,  
 Came all to Land there one by one;  
 And down they sat (for they were sharp set)  
 Earth was their Table, Grass their Carpet,  
 Their dinner they pluck'd out of basket,  
 Saith old *Aeneas* there's one Cask yet  
 " Of Drums, (but I can't tell what sort tis)  
 " But as I guess 'tis *Aqua Fortis* :  
 " A Sovereign Doz for Souldiers bashful,  
 " Then every Captain drink a glass full :  
 Their fenow'd Cheefe, their oaten Cakes,  
 Their Crufts, their Cracknels and poor Jacks  
 Were all produc'd, the place upon  
 With Cheltnuts, yea and Apple *John* ;  
 Then for pure want their idle Gums,  
 They exercis'd with pocket Crums ;  
 Then each destroy'd (for they did whisk it,  
 Their trenchers which was itone-hard bis-  
 The Boy *Ascanius* as he play'd (ket; }  
 Cryes, have we on our Tables paid ? }  
 No more Pares of that pot he said : }  
 " A learned speech of great concerning,  
 " (For he had learn'd in's youth much learning)

“ It made ’um wonder I protest,  
“ Where a Devil lies the jest ?  
His Father understood the Riddle,  
Then with his prayers he did piddle ;  
Welcome we are (as I may say)  
Unto our destin’d soyle from *Troy* ;  
Ye *Trojan* gods (of all the Prime)  
I’le trust ye now another time ;  
This is the Land which (ye O so wise)  
Did by my Father to me promise ;  
Where we should eat our table broken  
For hunger. “ Well fare a good token.  
“ Let every Souldier bring his Drab in,  
Here set thy rest and build thy Cabin ;  
This Famine ’twas gods did fore-cast,  
So now the worst is gone and past.

Wherefore to morrow by day break,  
Lets search each corner and each creek,  
To find the Natives out, and Towns,  
Lets march from hence in our Sea-Gowns ;  
Lets drink a whole one then to *Jove*,  
And to *Anchises* that’s above ;  
“ Fill, fill it out, this makes a brace up,  
“ Here’s t’ee then Gentlemen a grace cup ;  
“ So

“ So after every man had drunk hard,  
“ In’s Can as big as Water-Tankard ;  
*Aneas* then his light head bound,  
Good night (saith he) and on the ground  
He rowl’d, but next morn he was so dry,  
He dream’d that Fountains did him go by  
Of Fairy Queens, and Women Sprights  
Of Stars, and many more good nights ;  
He on his Parents out did yell,  
This in Heaven, that in Hell.  
But chiefly *Iove* was in his mind,  
Sure there was something in the wind ;  
Three times did *Iove* break clouds & lighten  
Which did disturb the air though brighten;  
Then news was brought (O that was nuts)  
That they must now set up their hutts ;  
Then every one was welly sped,  
Since he must get a house for’s head ;  
Their Wives who sat before like ghosts,  
Where drunk with ale and cakes (old tosts)  
But they turn out next day by time,  
To find the tricks of this new clime ;  
They search below at top of Mountain,  
At last they found a Crittal Fountain,  
And

And that was *Tyber*, at that brook,  
The *Latins* dwell in little nook :  
*Aneas* sent a hundred Wights  
To these new people (in good plights)  
Their heads they dress'd with *Olive* branch  
And went for peace in habit stanch ;  
Some of the gnits were damnific'd,  
" So did suspect they'd be deny'd ;  
" As Wheat, and Barly, Pease, and Rice,  
" Whole Loafs of Sugar, baggs of Spice ;  
" Of Flannel, Shoes, and many an Ell wet  
" Of Scotch-Cloath, and of Beggers Velvet,  
Away they hoof't it every one,  
With Pedlar Pack each back upon ;  
Whil'st Old *Aneas* out did vamp,  
To find a place to fix his Camp ;  
And now the hundred Merchants are  
From *Latins* town not very far ;  
When Rustickly, but not like *Perees*)  
They jogg'd to town like Marketceers ;  
The Prentises and little Boyes  
With Hoby-Horses play'd, and toyes,  
Some to their Bowes and Arrowes trufs'd,  
Were there, and made a wofull dust ;  
Other

Others with Lances in did nestle,  
Others made matches for to wreitle;  
Among the rest two rogues (*Iove sutter um*)  
Rode to the King (brave rogues in *Buckrum*)  
And told him here were strangers come,  
They knew not what to make of 'um;  
The King (no more now to speak *Latin*)  
Sent for these Pilgrims whilst he sat in  
Council of State; this Council-House  
" Did quarter many a Rat and Mouse,  
" Supported by a hundred Props,  
Of the best trees in all the Cops;  
Beset with *Elder Trees* and *Thistles*,  
With ore-grown *Reeds* which made um whi-  
At one end wallow'd *Hogs* and *Cows*, (*stles*;  
And at the other Folks did lowse;  
And eat, and drink, and sleep on strawes,  
The out-side haunted was with Dawes.  
In *Dicus* time this Hall was gay,  
" But all is mortall, Grass and Hay;  
Here Scepter hangs, the Crown and all,  
This place was Minster, Court, and Hall;  
Here stood long Forms for all the Rabble,  
There sat the Knights of the round Table:

Great

Great Images of Kings there stood,  
Who for their Country spent their blood ;  
Both *Italus* and *Sabine* Kings,  
Stood there with many other things ;  
*Saturn* and *Janus* in the Porch,  
Might both be seen without a Torch :  
Over these hung deaths mortal foes,  
Spits, Butchers-Axes, and great Crows ;  
“ Bucklers of Beef, Collars of Brawn,  
“ Cover’d with Spiders-Cob-web-laun ;  
Here *Picus* sat in Back and Breast,  
With a great Helmet and a Crest,  
A riding-rod ; and all this geer,  
He was a good Horse-Officer ;  
*Circes* transform’d him (being his Wife)  
Into a Jay during his Life ;  
She gave him poak and venemous progg,  
Enough to poyson any Dogg ;  
She knock’d his pate till he was dead half,  
With a malicious Oaken bed-staff :  
At last he flew into a Grove,  
And needs must go th’ Devil drove.  
There sat *Latinus* thus equip’d,  
And spake to *Trojans* so eclyp’d ;



Tell me ye *Trojans* true and doughty,  
 I am in earnest, (I not flout ye)  
 What laek ye Sirs? what make ye here?  
 In *Italy*, out of your Sphere?  
 Have ye been with fierce storms oppress'd  
 With winds a Head at East Nore East?  
 Who was your Pilot thus that tow'd  
 Ye so safe into our Roade?  
 Pluck up your hearts, and never fear,  
 Ye shall be well treated here:  
 I came from *Saturn*, the World knows,  
 And must do right spite of my Nose;  
 And now I think on't, I have heard one  
 Say of our Country was your Dardan,  
 How he went hence in wild goose chase  
 Through *Asia*, and to *Sumo-thrace*; (him)  
 He's dead and gone (heavens peace be with  
 So much he said, if you'l believe him.

Then *Ilionius* clad in Sattin,  
 To him as followeth spake; *Latin*  
 No dogged star, cross-winds or weather  
 Cast us a shore, or brought us hither;  
 We came of purpose, 'twas our doom,  
 To get a little elbow-room;

For

For we our *Asia* did avoid,  
Because our City was dis-----Troy'd ;  
Our Pedegree sweet Sir from *Iove* is,  
And he you know Sir still above is.  
*Aneas* is our head Commander,  
And made us all this way to wander ;  
“ Who likewise is (as fame assures)  
“ A sorry Kinsman Sir of yours ;  
By him we hither were directed,  
From you we hope to be protected :  
The *Greeks* on us did pour a tempest,  
That way as it did seem to them best ;  
*Europe* and *Asia* (this you well knew  
Before as well as I can tell you)  
Are by the eares, yea all the world  
From Pole to Pole in Armes is hurl'd :  
At length from all this blood, and bad luck,  
We hither rowl'd o're *Whale* and *Hadduck* ;  
And hope you'l give us quarter fair,  
And leave to take Sir the fresh ayr ;  
To you of no losse this doth favour,  
And we shall take it as a favour ;  
Your name by this too will be up,  
And you may lye a bed and sup.

By *Aneas* hand that's call'd the right,  
(If any dare with him to fight)  
We might have conquer'd many a Nation,  
And never come here on this fashion  
To beg Plantations, or an Almes,  
To sue for peace thus with these Palmes ;  
We have been rendered Sir terms high,  
And glad too for our Company :  
But we were led by hand of Heaven,  
And by strange tokens six or seven ;  
Who taught us for to play this new trick  
To dwell by *Tyber*, and *Well Numick* :  
We live like neighbours, not at odds,  
We shall not trouble you for gods.

*Aneas*, Sir, by us hath sent ye  
Some token, which I here present ye ;  
" He's forced, Sir, away to give 'um,  
" He knows not, Sir, what do with 'um.

This is *Anchises* Nut-brown bowle  
For mornings-draughts he drank it awle :  
This Vest is *Priams* winter Jacket,  
Before you dye Sir, you may lack it ;  
This is the stick (under the Rose)  
With which he made him friends or foes :

Here

Here are Mantles, Caps, and Cloaks,  
And Net-work Lace of *Trojan* Folks ;  
When *Ilioneus* thus had vented,  
*Latin* look'd something discontented :  
The Gifts he valued not a jot,  
But thinks now on his Daughters lot ;  
How *Fanus* told him in night starry,  
That she a stranger was to marry ,  
From whom much Issue stout and bold  
Should be produced, hold belly hold ;  
(As lately 'twas declar'd by Prophet,  
Nay this is true Sir never icoff it)  
Which should subdue a world of wights,  
“ For many should be Errant Knights.

Thou shalt have *Trojan* thy request,  
Gods work our meanings to the best ;  
This Plunder though I mean to take  
And keep it for your Masters sake ;  
Then this to understand I give,  
Ye shall not want whilst I do live.  
Then your Captain hither send me,  
If he mean for to befriend me ;  
I have a Daughter full of lust,  
My Neighbours with her I'll not trust ;

She

She is a strangers Wife to be,  
 " (For Marriage comes by destinie ; )  
 " She must take man by hook or crook,  
 As I am told by Prophets Book ;  
 If this then be that man of chance,  
 " That must like Colonel advance ;  
 Then let him come, and take his lot,  
 " For I dâre swear she fears him not ;  
 She's full of blood and such like stuff,  
 " Her Neighbours know her well enough.

When he had done he bid a Tagg-ragg,  
 To bring each *Trojan* a Padd-nagg,  
 " Pack-saddl'd even unto the Nock,  
 " And swift almost as Race-Horse *Peacock* ;  
 " Their breast were hung with bells, a mode  
 Which Carriers Horses have o'th' Road ;  
 He sent their Chief a painted Waggon,  
 " The Horses in't did *Don*-like lagg on ;  
 A blessed crew 'twas *Circes* Joke,  
 For she that Jade, made them wind-broke ;  
 How could they choose, when every one,  
 Were got by Horses of the Sun :  
 After such Loones, and tedious ridings,  
 They did return with peacefull tidings.

F

And

And *Juno* now *Joves* teasty bed-gift,  
( A special friend sure at a dead lift )  
Observ'd these things & *Greeks* did wish ill,  
Standing upon the *Cape* of *Sicill* ;  
She could discern each Sloop and Whirry,  
And see 'um all a shore full merry ;  
She sees *Aeneas* building Hutts,  
Which vex'd the *Vixon* to the Gutts ;  
She shook her head, and in this fit,  
Her venome thus out she did spit ;

Ye spawn of *Toades*, Fortune thou Bawd,  
To make me alwayes ranting mad ;  
To fret me still with their successe  
They dy'd ; at least they lay breathless ;  
They were all caught, yet they are fled,  
Were burn'd, and yet were not burned,  
They made escapes through fires forthwith,  
Are planted well spite of my teeth ;  
I them pursu'd as far as hither,  
And Conjur'd alwayes for foul weather ;  
I made Sea's rowle, and rain out burst,  
( But *Foxes* fare best when th'are curs'd ; )  
*Caribdis*, *Sylla's* craggy Rocks  
Did me no service ( with a Pox ; )

Nor

Nor *Syrtes* shoales, that shift each day,  
Are they not up in *Tibers* Bay ?  
In spite of what I could conspire,  
Have they not got their hearts desire ?

Yet *Ceostours* great by strength ( 'twas *Mar-*  
Were all laid flat upon their -----

*Diana* also got a boon,  
To wreak on antient *Callidon*,  
As long as man stood ground upon ;  
But I *Ioves* Concubine you see,  
Can get no Powers to pimp for me ;  
All stones I turn'd, and all shifts made,  
And still cros fortune did me Jade.

*Aeneis* with his *Trojan* pack,  
Hath laid me flat upon my back ;  
And since the gods are so uncivil,  
I mean to go unto the Devil :  
But yet the Devil were he by,  
Can't keep 'um out of *Italy* ;  
The Wench in spite of fate will marry,  
Yet I'll find means to make her tarry ;  
To war and strife I'll them exhort,  
The only way to spoyle their sport.

“ (*Aeneas* must be *Latines* Son,  
 “ Good Mother scold when all is done ;  
 Yet my advise, the Devil bid Joy,  
 Shall ruine them as *Paris* did *Troy* ;  
 For 'tis not *Hecuba* that old Bitch,  
 Shall carry fire in her sole Breech ;  
 But like success I give this Lowne,  
 As *Paris* had to burn a Town :  
 This said (like *Quaker*) in a swoond,  
 Or trance, she fell flat on the ground,  
 She look'd full grisly, and all fleck'd hoe,  
 And out of Dungeon call'd *Alesto* :  
 This is the Dam I tell ye on,  
 That hatcheth all Rebellion ;  
 Invents Lampoons, Slanders, and Jeers,  
 And sets all Nations by the eares ;  
 Her Sisters hate her since she grew so,  
 So likewise doth her Father *Pluto* ;  
 A rigid tool, her skin in flakes  
 Is, as the Serpents are, and Snakes ;  
 To her thus spake Malignant *Iuno*,  
 Having *Alesto* at her true bow.

Thou Devils Dam in Hell a Fryar,  
 Do that for me which desire ;

This



This task is thine, (I would 'twere finisht)  
 Let not my Honour be deminish't ;  
 To let the *Trojans* come so patt in,  
 And live at peace with that fool *Latin* :  
 Let him not get a foot of Land,  
 Let him not marry, but be hang'd ;  
 Thou can't make bate, the Devil and all,  
 And Brethren can't make out to fall ;  
 Thou can't whole Cities quite destroy,  
 " And raise each Prentice to a Boy ;  
 Thou can't burn houses, whil't the watch  
 " Stand by, to see what they can catch ;  
 Then rouze thee up, and streight be gone,  
 And arm 'um all each Mothers Son.

She ply'd her thus, and with much force  
 At last the Devil got a horse-back, (spake  
 To *Latium* she took her flight,  
 And on the Kings House did alight ;  
 Her business was to Queen *Amata*,  
 To whom in Chamber she did prate a,  
 Who was much vex'd, and put to distress,  
 Least *Turnus* now should loose his Mistress ;  
 This Angel then so black to bite her,  
 Into her bosome flung a Viper ;

To put the Household in disorder,  
Much trouble this Snake did afford her ;  
He coyl'd himself as round as Peck,  
And made a Neck-lace for her Neck ;  
Young Snakes did hyfs too within her jaws,  
Then she would dangle like a hair-lace ;  
Then in her locks heed rowle and play,  
Then in *Meanders* glide away ;  
Whil'st poyson soaks in to her heart,  
Shot thither by his sting the Dart,  
Where resting it, did much inflame her,  
But yet the speech she made was tamer,  
She spake as Whores do to their Bastards,  
And of the match with *Trojan* Dastards.

And must *Lavinia* wed a vagrant  
O *Latin* ? Yes, I'll hold a wager on't,  
Hast thou no more regard to Me,  
To Her, thy Self ? (thou Humble Bee ; )  
Who when the wind doth once blow north  
This Pirat means to curry forth ;  
"To spirit her streight through a Gun-Port,  
And rob me of my greatest comfort ;  
Hath not the like bin done before,  
By *Paris*, and a many more ?

Where

Where is the care now of thy Countrie,  
Of Apple, Pear-tree, and of Plum-tree,  
And of thy faith to *Turnus* plighted,  
This is not well, would I were Knighted?  
If she must have a Traveller,  
As *Fanus* bids, then farewell her;  
Then all those Realms that are not ours  
Are alike strange, (so mean the Powers;) )  
And *Turnus* here your Couzin Garman,  
Hath as much reason to be her man:  
Of *Inac's* and *Acrisus* race,  
You'l find him, and of *Græcian* place.

With such like flams she felt *Latinus*,  
But she could not undermine us;  
Then more poyson was to her sent,  
By that scaly subtill Serpent;  
So with Monsters was she frayted,  
And with Faries was she bayted;  
She rayl'd, and rov'd about the streets,  
And frighteth every one she meets;  
Much like, as when a strong set man,  
Whirls wooden-bolt at *Welch Knapan*;  
The Gamesters follow, and with knocks,  
They bang about this Bowle of Box:

So she every way did rayle,  
 Like an old wither'd trundle tayle ;  
 Beside, when none of this would take,  
 A greater mischief she doth make,  
 She hides her Daughter in a Brake ;  
 To hinder *Trojans* their demands :  
 Thus did this Scold forbid the Banes ;  
 They whoop, and halloe, and on *Bacchus*  
 They call, who with Sack did bethwack us ;  
 " The Woman rav'd, and were as drunk,  
 " As driven snow, or nasty Punk ;  
 Only for thee, fit is this Virgin,  
 'Tis only thou that shalt bait her Gin ;  
 'Tis thou that doest with Swords and Spears  
 When drunk, for Wench go by the eares ;  
 With powder'd locks, to dance and caper ,  
 To swagger for thy Whore, and vapour ;  
*Amata* sent these Wives a gadding,  
 Up Mountains high, they went a madding;  
 Quitted their Houses with their fears,  
 With all their hair about their ears,  
 ( chaunters,  
 They shriek'd, and howl'd like frantick  
 And naked danc'd like charmed Ranters ;  
 Among

Among these Folks, this Queen of Faries  
 Came : (for madness there no cure is)  
 Where jetting with their o're-grown panches,  
 And in their hands *Rosemary*-Branches ;  
 The Queen to *Turnus* ( I assure ye )  
 Proclaim'd her Daughter Bride *de Jure*,  
 And like a gormondizing Sinner,  
 She there provides a Wedding Dinner ;  
 And thus she said, O fellow Matrons,  
 If *Latins* ye accept for Patrons ;  
 Put off your Coyffs, and eke your Partlets,  
 And dance a round with all our hearts lets.  
 Lets sing a Catch in *Bacchus* Praise,  
 And so to Mountains go our wayes ;  
 To Woods, and Deserts let us fly,  
 And lets be mad for Company :  
 So she mad Slut with all her Sect ho,  
 Were pack'd away by Dam *Alesto*.  
 When she had thus turn'd topsie turvie  
 Old *Latins* House, like Hufwife scurvy,  
 Away she posts to *Rutill* City,  
 To *Turnus* too, ( the more's the pittty )  
 'Twas built by *Danue* offer storms,  
 " Who angl'd there for fish with worms ;

'Twas

'Twas call'd *Ardea* by Ancester,  
"Of date, as ancient as *West-Chester* ;  
It fortun'd *Turnus* in night black-o,  
As he was sleeping in *Hamacio* ;  
This Devil's bird came in her own shape,  
With wither'd-face (as old Shak-nape,  
To shew her grisly hair she was loath,  
With *Olive* branch (and yet she was wroth)  
Of *Calibee* Dame *Juno*'s Semplar,  
She was the only true Exemplar :  
These words to *Turnus* eares streight-wayes,  
Like peremptory Hagg conveyes ;  
Hast thou bin *Turnus* thus long wooing ,  
And now let other folks be doing ?  
*Latin* doth flight thee, like a dead block,  
And unto thee denies the Wedlock ;  
A doting fool to give his Grange-baie,  
Unto a *Trojan* and a strange face ;  
Send him a Challenge, thou't be reckon'd  
A Coward else ; I'le be thy second :  
These things *Iuno* bad me tell thee,  
If thou still sleep, it will not well be ;  
Must'ry thy People, and begone  
To Cudgells every Mothers Son ;

( ders,  
Swaddle their sides, knock down their Lea-  
Burn their Cock-boats made of *Cedars* ;  
Thus tis resolv'd by those above,  
If *Latin* won't be rul'd by *Iove* ;  
Then may you *Turnus* make him rue,  
The time he ever buff'd you.

It was reply'd, thou stinking whore, }  
The Boates that ride on *Tybers* shore, }  
I have had notice of before, }  
Nor call me Coward : Goody *Iuno*  
Is my friend too, toads-face you know ;  
I know thee old Tost well enough,  
A stinking piece of *Stigian* stuff ;  
In vain thy self doe'st to's and tumble  
With mens, and State-Affairs to fumble,  
Go sweep thy house (or else I'll make thee)  
Go pray, and so the Devil take thee ;  
Let me alone with peace to quarrel,  
And be reveng'd old brimstone-barrel ;  
What now became of him you shall see,  
This mad Jade struck him with a palfie ;  
He stir'd, she made an ugly mouth,  
And sent him Snakes West and by South ;

His eyes did burn and glare with red,  
And something he would fain have sed,  
But she forbad; and from her hair,  
Of Serpents sent to him a pair;  
Then thus she spake, and taunted at him,  
She smoak'd him, and like *Bear* did bait him;  
Lo here the Woman that doth dote,  
A Beldam, and a Mother Trott:  
I can War, and make Kings quiver,  
Look to thy self then thou white Liver.

With that she said (being much uncivil)  
Lo here I rake Hell, and skin Devil;  
Bring from my Dungeon full of smother,  
War in one hand, death in t'other:  
Thus said, like an infernal spell,  
She flung at him a Brand of Hell:  
Then he awak'd in fearful sweat,  
For Crab-tree stick he doth intreat,  
He scarcheth all, and bed-straw turns,  
His Indignation fiercely burns;  
As when a Pot for Cabbidge Porredge  
Is set to boyle for mortals forrage,  
The Liquor leaps, and makes a bubling,  
Runs over, keeps a mighty troubling;

Nor



Nor can receive the vapour trimly,  
It sent up to the smoaky chimney ;  
To *Latin* now he sends defiance,  
And means to fight without compliance ;  
He means to clear the Coast of Pirates,  
And save the Country from such sly Rats ;  
For he intends now to go fierce on,  
And fight it out with both in person ;  
He pray'd his gods to joyn i'th' slaughter,  
They did, and flung an old shooe after ;  
Then the young Shavers, those that durst,  
Strove whose pate should be broken first ;  
Activity of Youth so comely,  
Spurr'd them to fight for Mother Homely ;  
One thought that he had made long since,  
Himself at Cuffs a Petty Prince ;  
Another thinks for to exceed,  
His Father, if his Nose should bleed.

Whilest *Turnus* thus into each Rutill  
Of courage, had infused a due fill ;  
*Alecto* with her Devils wings,  
Came to the *Trojans* and their springs ;  
She spied *Ascanius* the Boy,  
Shoting at Deer that ran away ;

And

And as this little Baby bunting,  
 Was shooting Beasts, and hard a hunting,  
 This 'noynted Qucan, she Belzëbub,  
 Among't the Hounds did make a Rubb;  
 She call'd a trayne, and fill'd their noses,  
 With scent of Hart which interposes;  
 This afterwards did bring on this thief,  
 Full store of ill luck, and of mischief;  
 The *Plough-men* first growl'd at the hounds,  
 For tracking down their new made mounds;  
 A Hart there was, with horns well spread,  
 Which *Tyrrhus* Children tamely bred;  
 He Tutor was to *Latin's* wild beasts,  
 He was his Grasier kept his Oxe nests;  
*Silvia* was his Daughter, and  
 Had this Harts-horns at her command;  
 She'd trick them up with *flowers and garlands*,  
 She'd *wash* and *kemb* him with her *fair hands*;  
 Sometimes he'd eat at's Masters Table,  
 Sometimes he'd feed amongst the Rabble;  
 Sometimes he to the woods was bent,  
 And came back the same way he went;  
 Being one time an out-lying Deer,  
 (*Ascanius* Doggs came being in the rear)  
 The Hart at soyle too by Brook clear;

The young man stark mad at this yonker,  
 Dispatch'd from's bow a lusty forker,  
 For he ne'r yet saw such a porker :

*Alecto* unwilling to retard cutts,  
 Caus'd him to shoot him to the hard guts :  
 (drew,

The Hart he streight-way home-ward  
 And made great noises, not a few ;

" When he came in, he cry'd help, help,  
 " (Was ever such a simple whelp ; )

The Household all went into mourning,  
 As if the Fabrick had been burning :

*Silvia* perceiving the Harts sores,  
 (The Elder Sister of these Whores)

Scrubs her elbows (claps her hands  
 As all Scolds do) and then commands,

The Servants, Plough-men, and the hinds,  
 Them with the Neighbours all she joyns ;

They suddainly (for yet *Alecto*,  
 Was to *Ascanius* a select foe )

Flock'd altogether in a flat,  
 With Oaken Planck, and burning bat ;

They ran to *Tyrrhus* like mad folk,  
 As he was cleaving sturdy oak ;

Not

Nor dreaming that that Hellish Quean,  
 Was the contriver of this Scène,  
 Who took her wings like fury able,  
 And pitch'd on the top of the Stable ;  
 Where blowing her enchanted horn,  
 She rais'd the Country all by morn ;  
 No Hurry-Cane did ere shake trees,  
 Nor Rocks, nor Mountains like the breezes  
 No Sulphur storms e're made such pudders,  
 Nurfes hid Children 'twixt their Udders :  
 All the Country up in Armes  
 Rose, at these new, and hot Allarms ;  
 The *Trojan* Blades too, came to free  
 Young Master from this jeopardie ;  
 The surry Club-men they did swarm,  
 (A scurvy sign 'twas of a storm : )  
 With *bats* they came with *rakes* & *thresholds*,  
 With *sharp flakes*, others came in *fresh shrales*.  
 Others with *rusty swords*, and *edge-tooles*,  
 Others with *beetles*, call'd *wedg-tooles*,  
 Others with *coul-staffs*, *crab-tree cudgels*,  
 (Give 'um their armes they'l not budge els)  
 Others with *quarter-staff*, and *prong*,  
 With *harvest-hookes*, and *sithes* ding dong ;  
 And

All came from neer and eke from far,  
 " (A shrewd signe of a Civil Warr ;)  
 So stood their Several Armes in field,  
 (As upright stuble) by the Shield ;  
 As when a storm doth by degrees,  
 Begin to tumble frothy seas :  
 At last up to the Clouds they must,  
 Blown thither by perpetual Gust ;  
 So *Silvia* in the van shot *Almon*,  
 " (His flesh did slit as red as Salmon ;)  
 His throat was cut, he fell a sinking,  
 " (Believ't I think it spoyl'd his drinking ;)  
 Good man *Galefius*, with many more,  
 Came to part this Rogue and Whore ;  
 He'd flea a flint, a meer clunch fist,  
 Yet a very good Latinist :  
 Full of revenge as any man,  
 He was a right *Italian*.  
 Five herds of Cattel (beside Pork) cleer  
 He had ; as large as those of *York-sbeer* ;  
 Five flocks of Sheep he had still at's fold,  
 Shew me the like again in cots-would :  
 He always kept a hundred Ploughs,  
 " Whereon I think was one of the 'noughs ;  
 And Whilft

Whilst blood for blood they did bespatter,  
*Alecto* came, a mischief take her;  
 She saw hee had no need to heart 'um,  
 Fight on faith she, the devil part 'um.  
 Thus leaving *Italy* in dispair,  
 (Like a great Princess of the ayre)  
 To *Iuno* comes, and in vain glory,  
 As followeth, telleth this bad story;  
 Thy business *Juno* now is dun,  
 For now at clubs they have begun;  
 Go bid um now stick, and not bodge on,  
 To be reveng'd on every *Trojan*;  
 But if thou list, if this won't do't,  
 I'll fire Towns, and all to boot;  
 I'll make them up and down to rove,  
 As if the Devil had them drove:  
 But *Iuno* cry'd, (enough get hence)  
 "Of any woman's conscience;  
 Now all have equal cause to scuffle,  
 Methinks I see um how they ruffle:  
 Thus I'll marry you good Sir,  
 Thou Son of Mother *Ginniver*;  
 As you like this, feast and sauce,  
 Come another wild-goose chase,  
 Old *Latin* too, thy steps shall trace;

And now get gon, thou art I say,  
No more to be a bird of prey;  
If any thing be left undone,  
I'll finish't as thou hast begun;  
She having freely spoke these things,  
*Alecio* takes her speckled wings  
And into Hell her self she flings.

}

This Country hath a hollow place,  
As dark you cannot see your face;  
A dingy hole 'tis, and a dismal,  
Inviron'd round with woods is this vale;  
From Rocks of this dark Dungeon,  
Tumbles a nasty stinking Pond;  
This Gulph on each side hath a Jaw,  
Like that that gap'd in *Caveda*;  
From hence (the Poets being full sure)  
Broke ugly smells, and stinking sulphure:  
Thither *Alecio* that old Quean  
Went, when she had tir'd both gods & men,  
And *Juno* now begins her prank,  
She having got them on the hank;  
Numbers of Shepherds crouded down,  
To march unto King *Latins* Town;

They brought young *Almon* and *Galeffins*,  
“ This a young lad, that successions ;  
They tri’d first what their gods would do,  
And then the King complain’d unto ;  
Amidst of this great rustick band  
Stood *Turnus*, having chief Command :  
I’le kill and fire thee, O King *Latin*,  
Wert thou a man made up of Satin ;  
If thou dost like a Scoundrel base,  
Marry thy child to a strange face ;  
Or offer (like an old new tangler,)  
To turn out *Turnus* for a wrangler.

By this the women *Bacchanalian*,  
Came romping down with many a Stallian;  
*Amata* like a mad old spright,  
Gives ’um all courage for to fight ;  
“ She’l kill all *Trojans*, (but ’tis ods Dame)  
“ If you go headlong not a gods name ;  
Men come as if a whirl-wind sent ’um,  
To *Latin*’s town eclips’d *Laurentium* ;  
He like a Rock (a good old Burges,)  
Is fixt against all Armes and Surges ;  
Their oratory mov’d his mood,  
No more then Rock is by a Flood.

When



When nothing of their speech advanc'd  
And finding *Iuno* still against him; (him,  
He curs'd his gods instead of prayer,  
“(And tost his cap up in the ayr.)

He cries, what now ye sons of Whores,  
Are ye come to break my doors?

Yee'l be the first, yet curs'd brood,  
That will pay sauce for this lost blood;

Ye damned Rogues, witch'd *Turnus*,

Thou that wouldst to ashes burn us;

Thou that wouldst my child purloyn,

Shalt be paid in thine own coyn;

But I'me at rest and safely harbour'd,

(Cheated of Burial, a Star-board:

He sed no more, but in his Cub,

He lock'd himself like an old chub,

No more hee'd rule this rude hub-bub.

There was a use in *Latinum*,

When they would brace up war-like drū

The custome was retain'd at *Rome*.

Before the Army over passes

To fight for *Moors* and *Northern* Lasses;

To *India* go amongst the Swarthy,

Or to fetch Honour from the *Parthy*;

Two Martial Gates they open rouse,  
“ Then *Romans* kept an open house ;  
The house the *Romans* built for *Mars*,  
The Gates had many hundred Bars ;  
*Janus* stood Sentinal ( i hat Beagle )  
Just at the door like a Spread-Eagle ;  
To these Gates ( when decreed by Senate )  
To fight ( for offers, ther's no why not, )  
The Consul came in Martial Vest,  
( Then ye might swear 'twas not in jest ; )  
Proclaim'd the War in open manner,  
And every Youth brought forth his Banner,  
And Musique loud before was born,  
As loud as a Sow-Gelders horn.

In this wise, *Latin* was inforc'd,  
To get the *Trojans* unhors'd ;  
But to those Gates hee'd not advance,  
( Let every Souldier take his Chance )  
But crept to corners from the Duty,  
For fighting he car'd not a shoety.

Came *Juno* seeing this delay,  
Open'd the Gates as clear as day ;  
The Brazen Posts, and Brazed Hinges  
Made a great noyse, she gave such twinges ;  
Thus

Thus all the rout (a goodly messe)  
Come to disturb the old Kings Peace;  
Some a Horse-back, some a Foot,  
Some trail'd Pikes, and some did Shoot;  
(chew it)

They scour'd their Armes, (first they did  
With Whet-stone, and with lard, and Suit;  
(boys,

They hear their Trumpet, and their Ho-  
With flying Colours, so Boys, so Boys;  
Five Cities now ('twas for their sins)

Appointed were for Magazins;  
Tyber, Alyn, (you may trust um)  
Arde, Antum large, and Crustum;

And now to work go all the Cutlers,  
Fly brais and steel for swords and bucklers;  
The sith and plough they all do have,  
And unto sword and gantlet cleave;  
This in beaten Harneis girt is,

"*Dulce Bellum in Expertis*;  
Another gets his Horse and Shield

To Fight. I think the men be wild.

Now wil I writ (my muse being rap'd in's  
Old Vain and Style) what Kings & Captains

Came to disturb our friend *Aneas*,  
 " (He were as good begone to sea as  
 " Lye here and live upon white Herring,  
 " To find a time to be pickering)  
*Myzentius* from *Tyrhenus* Coast,  
 That Athiest brought a mighty Host ;  
 Then *Lansus* came, *Myzentius* Son,  
 Out-stripping all but *Turnus* one ;  
 This *Lansus*, Horses tam'd and Mares,  
 He rode on *Tygers*, *Bulls* and *Bears* ;  
 " He'd bring 'um all in little space,  
 " Unto a very easie pace ;  
 He brought from Town of *Agelline*  
 A thousand foot ('twas well a fine ; )  
 A pretty fellow as e're twang'd,  
 Had his Father been but hang'd.  
 Triumphantly in the next place,  
 Came *Arventine* of *Hercules* Race ;  
 His Horses drew at length in Charrets,  
 " (As haul'd are hither *Hackney* Carrets ; )  
 " His Armès a hundred stinging boches,  
 Painted on Shields, as ours on Coaches ;  
 Draggons, and Serpents part *per pale*,  
 And *Hydras*'s girt with Snakes and all ;  
 Where

Where *Rhea* that she Conventicler;  
 Was for the gods a mighty stickler;  
 To *Aventims* Mount she'd limpe,  
 To meet the gods who got this Impe;  
 'Twas after *Hercules* had done  
 In *Spain*, and conquer'd *Syrion*;  
 And like a carefull Grazier saw,  
 His Oxen in *Italia*;  
 The Pikes they bring in hand are parlous,  
 The Halberts too they leave are marvelous;  
 Their Spears of May-Pole length admits,  
 At least as long as any Spits:  
 He were a Lyon's Kid, (dear Sir)  
 " (What do the make a yauning here for?)  
 They shewd their *teeth* cause they were *white*  
 Their hait was shaggy, colour'd light;  
 A fearfull shew 'twas (as I've read)  
 " (But yet the Lyons were quite dead;  
 Thus to the Court in State and Pride,  
 With this and Fathers Vest he hyed;  
 " So Gentlemen of one, or no head,  
 " That never yet did see a Foe dead;  
 " Unless they get a Lyon Rampant, (on't;  
 " They curse the Heraulds, and will stamp  
 " But



They neither sworded were nor mounted,  
 But march'd as they at home were wonted ;  
 The greatest part with slings and plumer  
 Advanc'd, sure these men ment to hum it;  
 Woolf-skins did serve instead of Steel caps,  
 Which made some y they did not feel claps;  
 Their stockings made were of skins raw  
 " But these I speak, of wisps of straw ;  
 Thus were they armed every one ,  
 A sorry shift's better then none ;  
 Enter *Messapus* much the colder,  
 For he is no fresh-water souldier;  
 Being *Neptunes* Son, his back and be'lie,  
 Are both sword-proof I can tell ye ;  
 He call's his men unto this slaughter,  
 But they were like fish out o'th' water ;  
 From *Fescern's* hills, and from *Faliscus*,  
 More people come and mean to whisk us ;  
 From *Socust* that with tall Towers out-strips,  
 (slips ;  
 Whose Fields are spread with yellow Cow-  
 They came from high mount *Cimeus* lake,  
 Where *Capen* hath a neighbour brake ;  
 They came in droves, and fil'd the ways,  
 And crowded in their Masters praise ; As

As *Swans* returning from the Floods,  
 Mount high to sing Songs to the Gods ;  
 With out-stretch'd necks they fly before us,  
 And mix in a melodious Chorus ;  
 The *skies* they beat & make them fear um, }  
 It does the Rivers good to hear um, }  
 And *Aja* although not a near um. }  
 They knew not what these *train-bands* meant  
 They look'd like Fowle from *Neptune* sent ;  
 Coming a shore with all their tackling,  
 They kept a mighty noise and cackling ;  
*Clausus* the *Sabine* came a shore,  
 With a vast crew, about a score ;  
 From whom descended in a Line, }  
 One *Claudia* a Feminine, }  
 Since *Rome* to *Sabins* did incline. }

Strong Cohorts came from *Amiterna*,  
 Not from *Chios* nor from *Smyrna* ;  
*Mutisca* too (there grow good Capers)  
 Sent out Band with Swords and Rapers ;  
*Nomentum* Town, and *Quelins* Dorps,  
 Sent out many a valiant Corps ;  
*Severus* Hills, yea, I can shew some,  
 That were as safe, as loufe in bosome ;



In *Tetrao* Craggy Clifts and Rocks,  
Yet they came in too all in flocks ;  
*Hiniellus* River ; *Floruli*  
Came at a call, Sir, by and by ;  
All that drink of River *Faberis*,  
Are gone along where *Fife* and *Tabor* is ;  
And those that drink of *Tibers* flood,  
Are all march'd in a fighting mood ;  
Yet of *Casperia* I am mute,  
Who sent a very great recruit ;  
*Latium* sent *Pesants* called Yeomen,  
Then came a shore a gang of Seamen ;  
And from that cursed stream *Alix*,  
Came Souldiers fierce as fire from *Styx*-a ;  
As Winter storms in marble Sea's,  
When winds arise will have their veaze ;  
Or like a field of Corn thick grown,  
Is parch'd and scalded by the Sun ;  
The *Hermi Liceans* come in train,  
And make the Earth resound again ;  
So Souldiers came with Suttling Whore,  
From every Coast, from every Shore ;  
Their *Armes* did clash, their *Spears* did shake,  
So that they made a Ghost to quake.

Then

Then *Agamemno's* Girle (not Boy)  
 Awakes, being enemy to *Troy* ;  
*Halesins* brought a thousand Deers  
 In *Gallia* called *Cavelieres* ;  
 But in plain *English* Pioneers.  
*Miniers* of *Messica's* Mountain,  
 All that liv'd by Sea or Fountain ;  
*Aurunca's* Blades, and *Caleis* out-laws,  
 Came thither all I think without maws  
 To fight : then came *Viturnus* people,  
 Who in their little brook do ripple:  
*Ossu* and *Staticula* sent such, (touch ;  
 " You could not with long tongs them  
 They were so *Collerick* and resty ;  
 " But when they came to fight, were resty ;  
 Their weapon is a fower tough trunchon,  
 At one end it hath a great bunch on,  
 It hangs like flayle narrow leathers,  
 Can weild them well, not fight all weathers ;  
 Their *Targets* in their left hands hide,  
 (side ;  
 (When they would fight) a whole broad  
 Nor shall my pen mis to reveal, on  
 Of *Ebulus* the Son of *Telon* ;

Begar

Begat on *Sebathis* his Whore,  
 When he at *Capreas* went before ;  
 But this unlucky Bastard, not  
 Content with that which was his lot ;  
*Sorastes* Tenants he'l not lets pass,  
 But enters and commits great trespass ;  
 He likewise stole (he did not warn us,  
 And drove the Fields by the Brook *Sarnus* ;  
 The Farmes of *Baculus* and *Rufas*,  
 And *Bella's* vale wher's yearly new grass ;  
 They fight with Launce like *German Rutter*,  
 " *James Hind* was never such a cutter ;  
 They fling a mussy shining fork,  
 Their sculs are cap'd with thick toughcork ;  
 Their glittering Bucklers dazle eyes,  
 So do their Semitars likewise ;  
 And thee Sir *Ufens*, valiant Knight,  
 Did *Nurfa* send abroad to fight ;  
 Whose hardy hunts-men with their spears,  
 Were true woods-men being Mountaneers ;  
 Their ground in Armes they occupy,  
 And rob from those that live next by ;  
 Their booty long before they set,  
 " All's fish with them that comes to net.

From

From *Marub* came a Prophet tall,  
 A Priest full gay and finical ;  
 His head quite round with Olive bow,  
 " Was hung as ours with Feathers now :  
*Archippus* Knight of *Umlerland*,  
 Sent this Priest by her sole Command ;  
 He'd Snakes and Adders sing asleep,  
 And from their stings he'd people keep ;  
 He'd give them Sallets if they hiss'd,  
 He was a knowing Herbalist :  
 But yet as learned though as he was,  
 He could not cure our friend *Aneas* ;  
 In vain were all his Herbs and Charms,  
 To cure his wounds, and seche his harms ;  
 For him the woods sigh'd into shivers,  
 And Fountains wept themselves to Rivers,  
*Agnitia's* fenss cry'd all, alack,  
 This was when woods and Fountains spake ;  
*Hipolite* and *Aricia's* Boy,  
 Went too, against the Men of *Troy* ;  
*Sir Virilins* was his Christen Name,  
 From *Chaces* and from *Desarts* came ;  
 He was chief Ranger to *Diana*,  
 And stole Bucks in *Egeria's* *Laun-a* :

For when *Hipolitus*, by Step-Dame,  
Was kil'd for's Father, (twas a great shame)  
Though drawn in pieces by wild Steeds,  
Is now reviv'd by *Phæbus* weeds,  
At his *Diana*'s helts and wheeds ;  
Now *Jove* perceiving *Esculape*,  
With Poulteffes, and such slip flap ,

(low,

Had rais'd a man from deaths black brim  
He streight-way thunder'd him to *Limbo* ;  
*Diana* then, (as I may term it)  
Made him retire, and to turn Hermit ;  
So he came to *Egeria* Nymph,  
And liv'd in wood hard by a Qymph ;  
He cares not what the people tattle,  
But lives for all their tittle tattle ;  
" So *Virbins* hath the Proverb spoyl'd,  
" Once a Man, and twice a Child ;  
" For *Virbins* (as I prove it can)  
" Was once a Child, and twice a Man ;  
Since which rare chance, it is decreed,  
That no Horse, Mare, or other Steed,  
Shall come a near *Diana*'s Stable,  
Or in her Woods keep any Table ;

For

H

Yet

Yet these Wild-Horses were agast,  
Sceing Sea-Monsters come at last ;  
Where they such tricks, and reaks began,  
Were like to throw him Horse and Man :  
Yet he like Noble Son of *Mars*,  
Riding his Horse, sat on his A--- ;  
His two wheel'd Coach he drove amain,  
And made the streets spit fire again.

But *Turnus* now (then him none finer)  
Appear'd as tall as Captain *Ioyner* ;  
He wore three hatts, having 'tis said,  
Worms or *Chimara's* in his head,  
Which kindled in him such a fire,  
That they had almost burn'd the Squire ;  
The more they fret, the more he's mad,  
And in the field makes work full sad :  
But *Io* on his Target now,  
As quiet stands as a milch Cow ;  
Her hair was smooth, and bright as gold,  
A tale unhear'd of to be told. (him,  
" Sure she the Princess thought would hate  
" So like a slut makes horns at him ;  
" And *Argos* with his hundred eyes,  
Were fain to be this Wenches spies ;

As

"As if Maids when they would go to'r,  
 "In spite of eyes, and teeth can't do'r;  
 Where *Inachus* like lazie micher,  
 Drills water out from Earthen pitcher;  
 A body great did after thrust,  
 And coming, made a mighty dust;  
 Their shields and bucklers made huge noise,  
 They were a knot of *Argin* Boyes;  
 The *Greekish* Youth, the *Rutill* hands,  
*Arunca's* aid, *Sicana's* bands;  
*Saturna's* crews, and *Libicus*,  
 With painted Bucklers came to us;  
*Tyberians*, and *Rutills* Hog-grubbers,  
 And Husband-Men, Stiff-necked Lubbers;  
 All those that live by *Sirces* Matron,  
 All *Anxurs* folks, *Iove* is their Patron;  
*Faronia* blith, with green-wood by her,  
 "Thought she had friends, but had none nigh  
 All that liv'd by *Ufens* Brook, (her;  
 Resorted hither from each nook;  
 Beside from *Volsca* did appear  
*Camilla* stout, (for I did see her)  
 She march'd like *Amazonian* bold,  
 Of Horse and Foot, the last I told;

She scorn'd the weavers tooles, and distaff,  
Of Womens Nature, she hath mist half;  
Of man she was the true Imago,  
In feates of War, a great Virago;  
She'd tread the Air, needed no succour,  
And hover in't like a Wind-----  
Over Corn Fields she'd seem to fly,  
Over rough Seas, and waters high;  
Fly o're Mountains (none could mate her)  
"The Devil sure could ne're have fate her;  
The people flock'd to see her ride,  
A wondrous sight, ('twas but a stride!)  
She's not the last hath don't at chase,  
"I've known one ride so a Horse-Race:  
But now this Valiant *Amazon*,  
With a Rich Vest her back upon;  
Her locks with Ribbands, hatt she weares  
As men are now close by the eares;  
Well arm'd with Bow, and deadly Lance  
"The like was once at *Orleance*.

**F I N I S.**



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